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STRANGE AND UNBELIEVABLE!

JOURNEY

SEPT 1951

NO. 3

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into

FEAR



MIDNIGHT PROWLER
WANDERING CORPSE
GYPSY'S CURSE
BROKEN MIRROR



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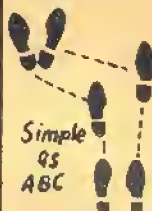


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The BROKEN MIRROR

HER DANCE WAS A VISION OF BEAUTY, BUT ITS REFLECTION WAS A NIGHTMARE OF STARK MADNESS! YOU WILL LONG REMEMBER THE ADVENTURE OF THE BALLERINA AND THE BEAST!

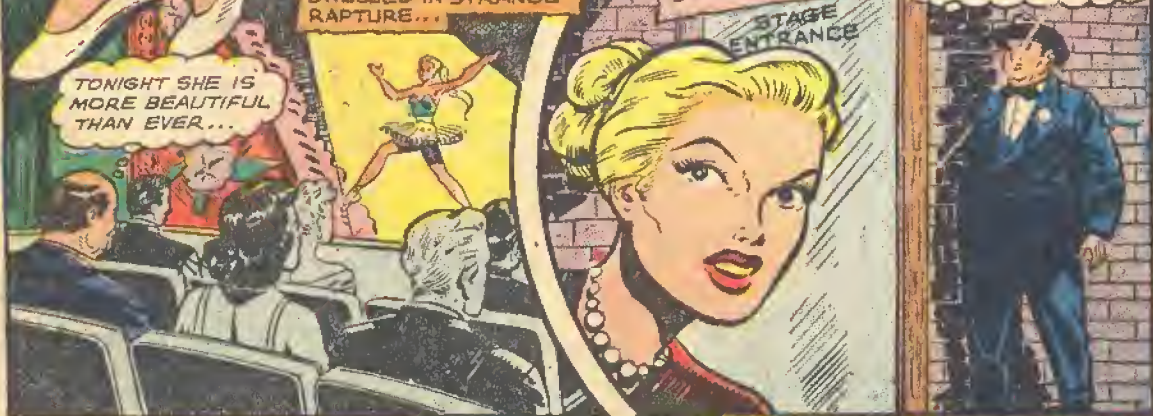


EACH NIGHT AS GLENDA WEST GRACED THE STAGE WITH HER FLAWLESS RHYTHM, THE BROODING EYES OF A FAMOUS SURGEON DWELLED IN STRANGE RAPTURE...

AND AFTER EACH PERFORMANCE, HE LINGERED IN THE SHADOWS NEAR THE STAGE DOOR...

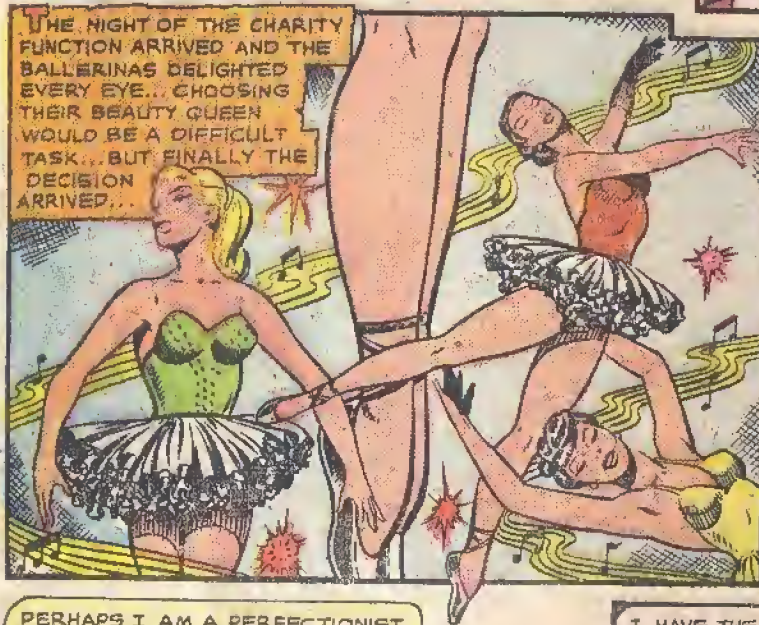
NEVER EVEN A GLANCE IN MY DIRECTION! SO ME-DAY, MY DEAR, OUR RELATIONSHIP WILL BE DIFFERENT...

TONIGHT SHE IS MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN EVER...



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

THE DAY WHEN GLENDA WEST WAS TO MEET THE MAN WHO WOULD CHANGE THE WHOLE PATTERN OF HER LIFE WAS NOT FAR AWAY... DOCTOR HILL WAS A NOTED PLASTIC SURGEON, BUT HIS SPARE TIME WAS SPENT READING, NOT MEDICAL BOOKS, BUT THE REVIEWS ON GLENDA'S LATEST SHOWS...



THE DOCTOR HAD APPLIED A WILD GAMBLE ON HIS DECISION THE NIGHT THE BALLERINA QUEEN WAS CHOSEN... BUT HE WON... WITH TREMBLING HEART HE LISTENED TO HIS PLOT BEING FULFILLED...

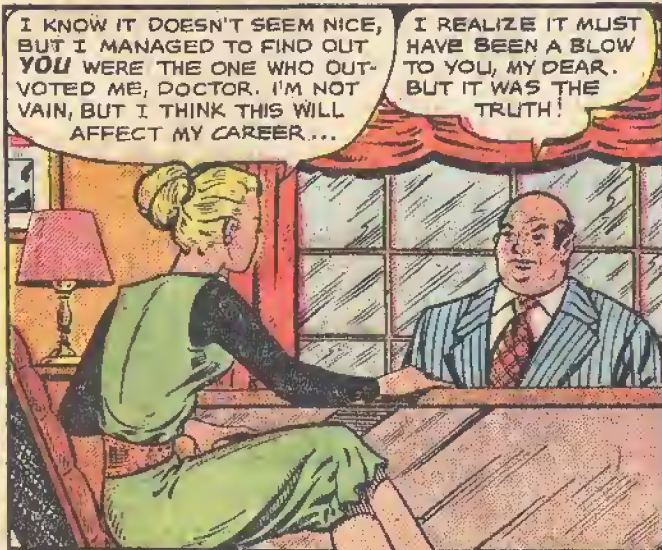


YES, I'LL SEE MISS WEST, NURSE. PLEASE ASK HER TO COME IN...



THIS IS A SURPRISE, MISS WEST! WHAT BRINGS SUCH A LOVELY GIRL TO VISIT A PLASTIC SURGEON?

OH, DOCTOR HILL, IT WAS SO KIND OF YOU TO SEE ME WITHOUT AN APPOINTMENT... I HAD TO SEE YOU...



I KNOW IT DOESN'T SEEM NICE, BUT I MANAGED TO FIND OUT YOU WERE THE ONE WHO OUTVOTED ME, DOCTOR. I'M NOT VAIN, BUT I THINK THIS WILL AFFECT MY CAREER...

I REALIZE IT MUST HAVE BEEN A BLOW TO YOU, MY DEAR. BUT IT WAS THE TRUTH!



NATURALLY I DIDN'T MEAN TO AFFECT YOUR CAREER, BUT THE TRUTH IS YOU DO HAVE A SERIOUS CHIN MALFORMATION! I'M SURPRISED YOU WERE NEVER AWARE OF HOW MUCH IT SHOWS UP FROM THE STAGE!



IT DOES! YOU MEAN ENOUGH TO DISTRACT FROM MY DANCING? C- COULD YOU HELP ME, DOCTOR?

IF YOU WISH. CALL ME IN A FEW DAYS AND I'LL MAKE PREPARATIONS TO CONSIDER YOUR CASE...

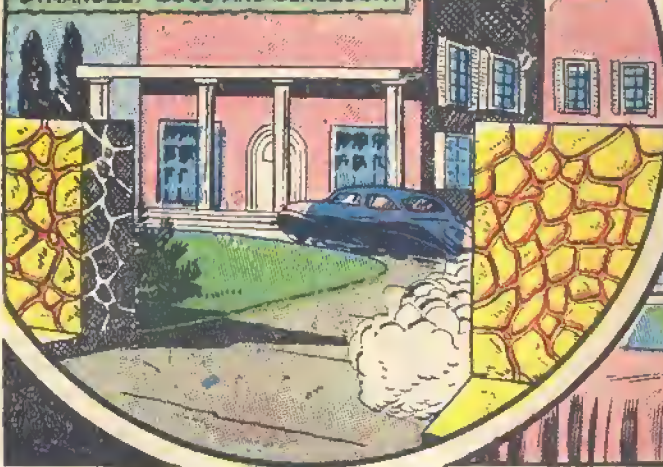


A STAGE WAS SET FOR GLENDA WEST THAT WAS AS MACABRE AS ANY PERFORMER WAS TO GRACE...

SO WE FINALLY MEET, GLENDA! AND WE SHALL SEE A GREAT DEAL OF EACH OTHER FROM NOW ON... MORE THAN YOU COULD EVER DREAM OF!

JOURNEY INTO FEAR

DOCTOR HILL'S PRIVATE HOSPITAL WAS LOCATED ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN.. IT WAS LOVELY AND QUIET... BUT THE MORNING GLENDA WEST ARRIVED SEEMED STRANGELY COOL AND SUNLESS...



THIS IS YOUR ROOM, MISS WEST, AND I'VE BEEN ASSIGNED TO KEEP YOU HAPPY WHILE YOU VISIT WITH US...

I'LL SEE YOU LATER, MISS WEST.

THANK YOU...



NO MIRRORS! STRANGE...HOW COME?

THE DOCTOR WANTS YOU TO FORGET YOUR OLD FACE... IT'LL HELP YOU TO BE PLEASED WITH YOUR NEW ONE AFTER YOUR OPERATION!



OH, GOOD AFTERNOON! YOU MUST BE DOCTOR GREY WHOM THE SURGEON SPOKE OF! I'M JUST KEEPING UP WITH MY DIARY...

I AM. AND WELCOME! I'LL BE WITH YOU DURING YOUR OPERATION...



NOW DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT A THING, DEAR...

I'LL CONFESS I WAS WORRIED... BUT SOMEHOW DOCTOR GREY MADE ME FEEL BETTER...



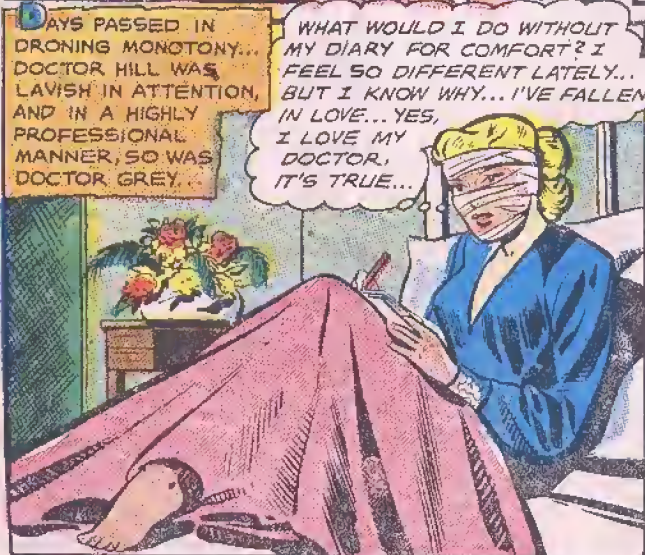
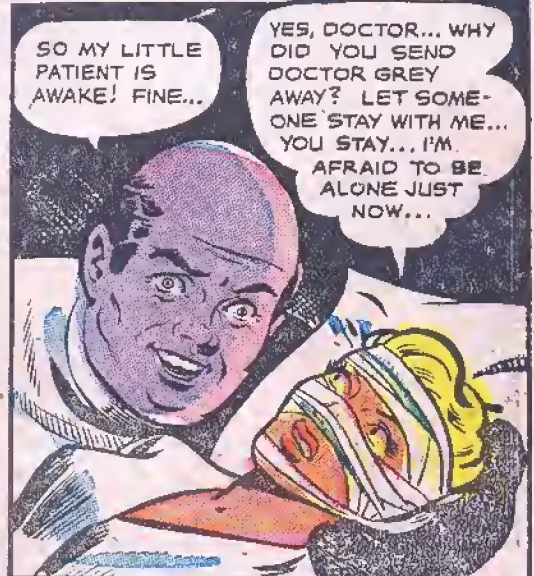
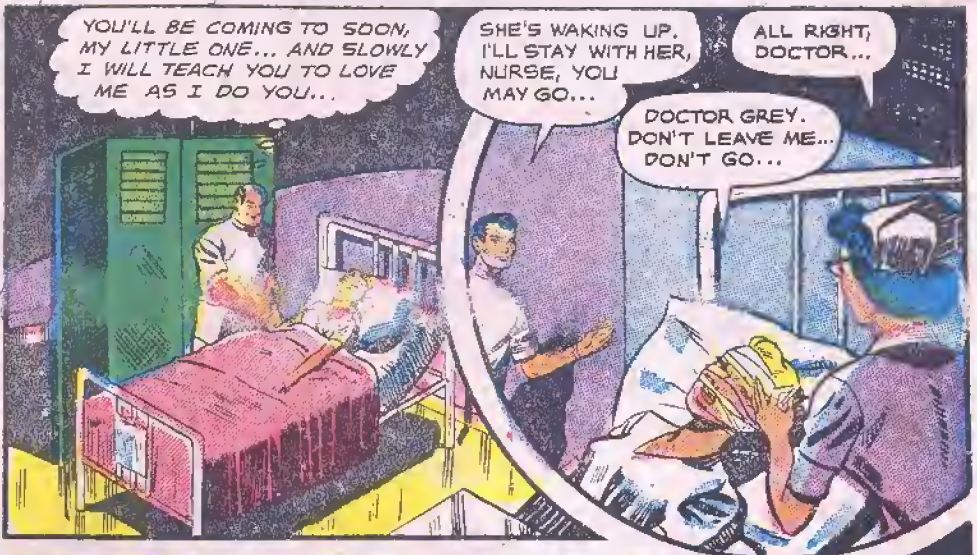
THIS WILL BE COMPLETELY PAINLESS, MY DEAR. YOU RELAX AND WE'LL HAVE YOU ASLEEP IN NO TIME...

I'M RIGHT HERE, MISS WEST...



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

TIME CEASED
TO MATTER...
THE PAIN
BENEATH HER
BANDAGED
FACE CAME
AND WENT...
SURGEON HILL
GAVE HIS
PATIENT EVERY
ATTENTION...
FOR NOW
SHE WAS
MORE THAN
HIS IDOL...
SHE WAS
HIS VICTIM!



DOCTOR HILL CAUGHT THE SOFTNESS IN GLENDA'S VOICE AND SAW THE SMILE BENEATH HER BANDAGED FACE... BUT ALSO HE SAW HER SMALL HAND DROP TO COVER THE PAGE SHE HAD BEEN SO BUSILY WRITING...



MISS BLAKE, I THINK A LITTLE SUNSHINE MIGHT DO OUR PATIENT A LOT OF GOOD! WHAT DO YOU THINK?

I AGREE WITH YOU, DOCTOR! SHE'S BEEN COOPED UP IN HER ROOM FOR DAYS!



I FEEL WONDERFUL... BUT A LITTLE SHAKY!

TODAY'S YOUR BIG DAY, HONEY! WE'LL BE TAKING OFF THOSE BANDAGES IN A FEW HOURS!

WHAT A CAD I AM...IT WAS HER DIARY... WHAT'S THIS? "I CAN'T HELP MYSELF...I'VE FALLEN IN LOVE WITH MY DOCTOR... IF ONLY I HAD THE COURAGE TO TELL HIM..."



GLENDA! WHAT HAVE I DONE? I'VE RUINED EVERYTHING! I MUST THINK... NO! NO TIME FOR THAT... I MUST OPERATE... IMMEDIATELY!

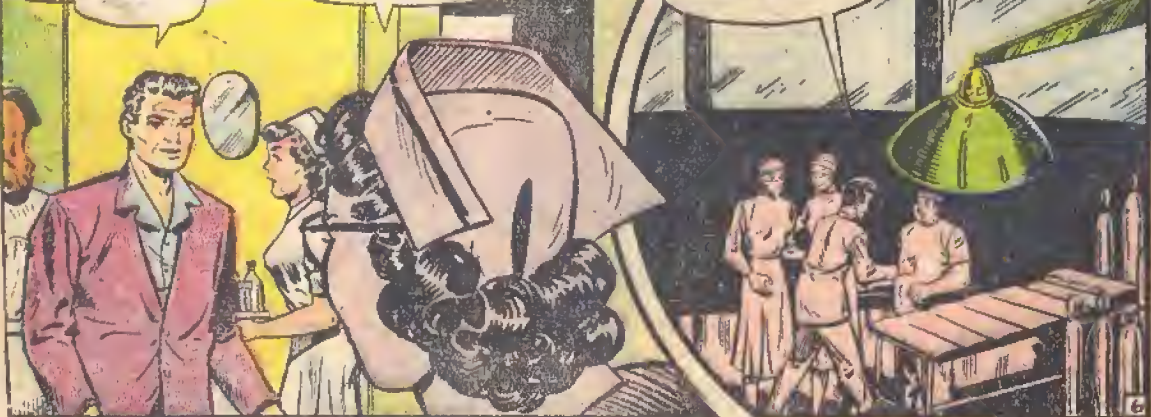


SAY, WHAT'S GOING ON AROUND HERE? YOU'RE ALL MOVING AROUND LIKE THE PLACE WAS ON FIRE!

IT MIGHT AS WELL BE! HAVEN'T YOU HEARD? DOCTOR HILL IS OPERATING ON MISS WEST AGAIN! IMMEDIATELY!

STEP OUTSIDE, PLEASE, NURSES. I WANT TO SPEAK TO DOCTOR HILL PRIVATELY...

GREY! I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU! I CAN USE YOU... GO AND SCRUB, WILL YOU, MAN...



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

THERE WAS NO MISTAKING THE COLD FIERCENESS OF YOUNG DOCTOR GREY'S TONE AS HE MOVED TOWARD THE SURGEON THREATENINGLY.

WHAT SORT OF BUSINESS ARE YOU COOKING UP NOW? THAT GIRL DOESN'T NEED ANOTHER OPERATION AND YOU KNOW IT!

DON'T TOUCH ME, GREY! I TELL YOU I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING! SHE **MUST** HAVE THIS OPERATION!

IF YOU WON'T ASSIST ME, DON'T INTERFERE, OR I'LL KILL YOU! I LOVE GLENDA AND I'VE RUINED HER FACE... BUT THERE'S STILL TIME TO REMEDY THAT... SHE'LL NEVER KNOW...



BUT THEIR RAISED VOICES BROUGHT FORTH A CURIOUS EAVESDROPPER... GLENDA WEST HEARD HER NAME MENTIONED, AND...

RUINED MY FACE! WHAT DOES HE MEAN?

YOU COULD GET LIFE FOR THIS, YOU FIEND!

I WANT LIFE... LIFE WITH HER! AND I'LL HAVE IT AT ANY COST!



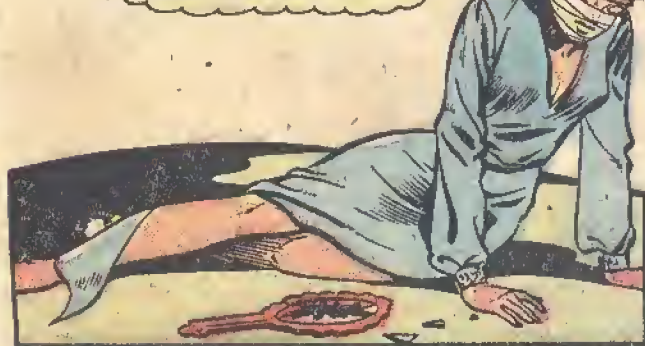
NURSE, WHAT'S WRONG IN THERE? WHAT ARE THEY SAYING?

BACK TO YOUR ROOM, YOUNG LADY! THIS MINUTE!

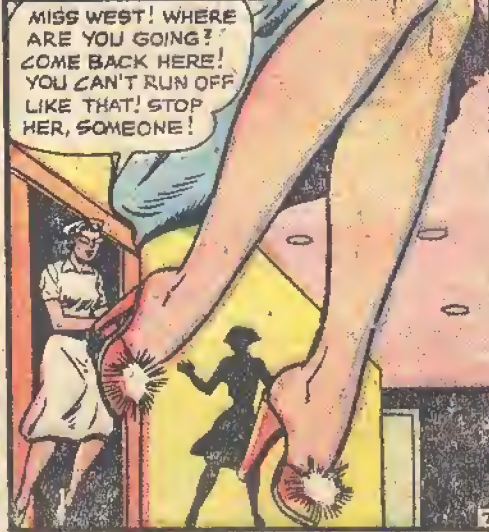


AFTER RETURNING TO HER QUARTERS, GLENDA SUDDENLY REALIZED THE SIGNIFICANCE OF ALL SHE HAD OVERHEARD... THE MIRROR FELL FROM HER HAND... AND FOR AN INSTANT SHE SANK TO THE FLOOR WEAK WITH HORROR...

WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO ME? WHAT HAVE THEY DONE? I MUST THINK... THINK...



MISS WEST! WHERE ARE YOU GOING? COME BACK HERE! YOU CAN'T RUN OFF LIKE THAT! STOP HER, SOMEONE!



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

THE CLATTER OF
GLENDA'S RACING
HEELS AND THE
SCREAMS OF THE
NURSES SENT A
STARTLING MESSAGE
TO DOCTOR GREY...
HE SPRANG INTO
SUDDEN ACTION...

BLAST YOU, HILL,
THIS IS ALL I HAVE
TIME FOR NOW! JUST
ENOUGH TO PUT YOU
OUT OF THE WAY
FOR THE MOMENT!

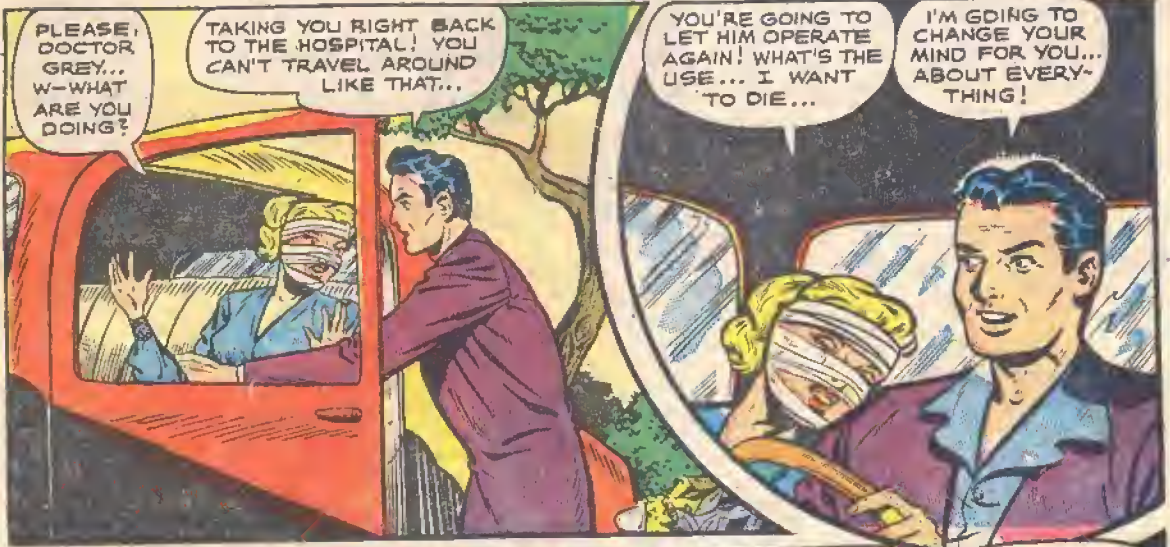
DON'T,
YOU FOOL...
OH...H...

WHERE
DID SHE
GO? DID
SOMEONE
STOP HER?

NO, DOCTOR!
SHE RAN LIKE
A DEER! WHAT
SHALL WE DO?



JOURNEY INTO FEAR



PLEASE, DOCTOR GREY... W-WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

TAKING YOU RIGHT BACK TO THE HOSPITAL! YOU CAN'T TRAVEL AROUND LIKE THAT...

YOU'RE GOING TO LET HIM OPERATE AGAIN! WHAT'S THE USE... I WANT TO DIE...

I'M GOING TO CHANGE YOUR MIND FOR YOU... ABOUT EVERYTHING!

FRIGHTENED AND WEAKENED INTO SUBMISSION, GLENDA WEST NO LONGER FOUGHT AGAINST THE FATE THAT AWAITED HER... SOON SHE WAS IN HER ROOM AGAIN LISTENING IN PANIC TO THE PROFESSIONAL VOICES OVER HER...



WE'RE REMOVING THESE BANDAGES AS SCHEDULED, NURSE! RIGHT NOW!

YES, DOCTOR, I THINK SHE'S CALMER NOW...

DON'T TURN YOUR FACE FROM ME, GLENDA! I INTEND LOOKING AT IT FOREVER!

HERE! TAKE A LOOK! AND NO MORE BROKEN MIRRORS, PLEASE!

I—I'M AFRAID...

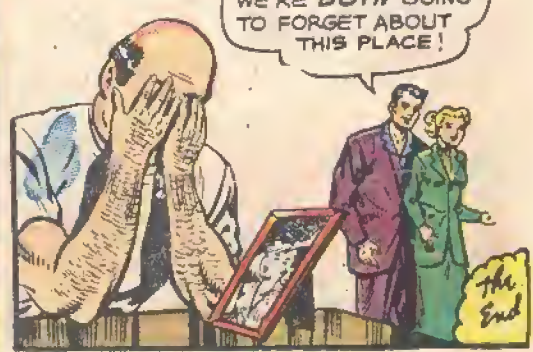


THE DRAMA CAME TO A CLOSE... ONLY ONE REMAINED ON THE STAGE... A SOBBING, SHUDDERING CHARACTER WHO PLAYED HIS PART LIKE FIEND AND FOOL... WHO PLACED DESIRE ABOVE REASON, AND WICKEDNESS ABOVE MERCY, BUT WHOSE PLOT WAS SHATTERED TO PIECES LIKE THE FRAGMENTS OF THE BROKEN MIRROR...

IT'S JUST THE SAME! I HAVEN'T CHANGED! B-BUT THE OPERATION! YOU FIXED ME, DOCTOR GREY! THAT'S WHY YOU WORKED ON MY FACE SO OFTEN! AND ALL THE WHILE YOU TOLD ME YOU WERE JUST FIXING THE DRESSINGS!



LET'S GO, DARLING! WE'RE BOTH GOING TO FORGET ABOUT THIS PLACE!



The End

MIDNIGHT PROWLER

EACH NIGHT HE MADE HIS WAY THROUGH THE SHADOWS... WHAT WAS HIS GHOSTLY MISSION? HIS LITTLE JADE-EYED COMPANION KNEW THE ANSWER TO THE MYSTERY... WOULD YOU LIKE TO FOLLOW HIM DOWN THE DARKENED STREETS?



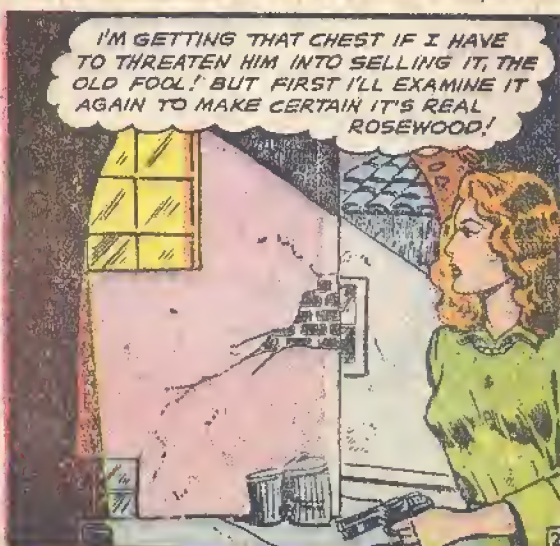
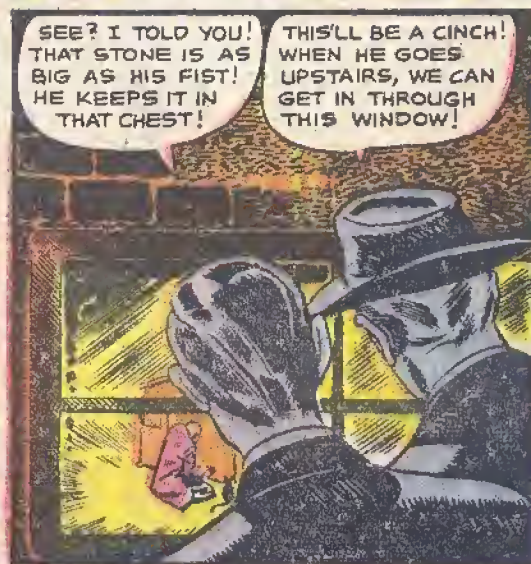
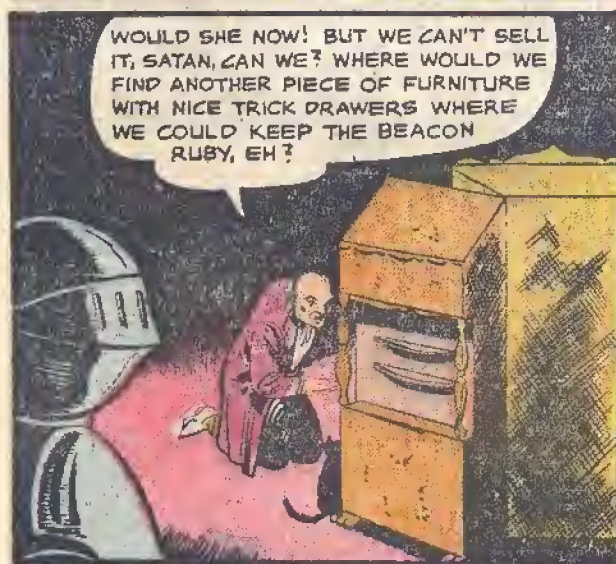
THERE'S THAT OLD MAN AGAIN! I THINK HE'S DANGEROUS! WHAT ON EARTH DOES HE SEARCH FOR?

WHO KNOWS? HE'S JUST A LITTLE DAFT, THAT'S ALL!

WAS OLD JONAS PALMER DANGEROUS? WAS HE DAFT? LET'S EXAMINE THIS OLD MAN CLOSER...



THAT'S RIGHT, LITTLE FRIEND, KEEP LOOKING... WE'VE GOT TO FIND IT... GOT TO!



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

MRS. PETERS SILENTLY ENTERED THROUGH A BASEMENT WINDOW, LITTLE REALIZING TWO OTHERS WERE ALSO ABOUT TO ENTER WITH THE INTENTIONS OF LOOTING OLD JONAS PALMER...



THIS IS ALMOST TOO SIMPLE! BUT IT'S PLENTY DARK IN THERE! DON'T FALL OVER ANYTHING!

WHAT'S WRONG, SATAN? WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME, EH? WHAT WAS THAT? NOISES IN MY SHOP?



WE CAN'T AFFORD TO HAVE ANY PROWLERS AROUND WHERE OUR RUBY IS... BETTER SEE WHAT CAUSED THAT NOISE!



IN THE SHADOWY BLACKNESS, THE THIEVING PAIR PAUSE WITH THE AWARENESS OF ANOTHER'S PRESENCE...



SOMEONE'S MOVING AROUND DOWN HERE. DO YOU THINK IT'S THE OLD MAN?

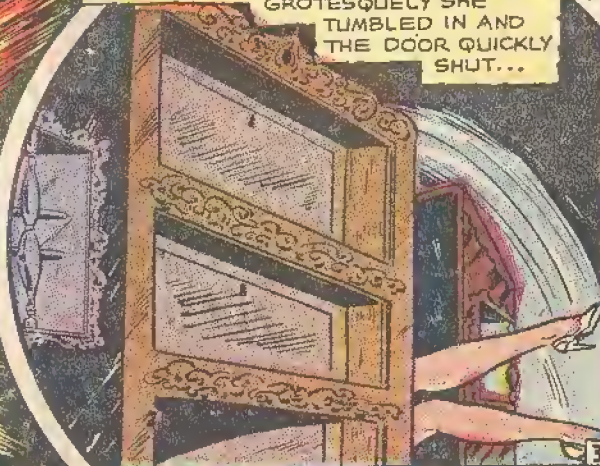


A BULLET WILL SCARE HIM OFF!

SHOT! SOMEONE SHOT ME! I-I'M DYING...



SILENTLY MRS. PETERS' BODY SLUMPED AGAINST THE CHEST SHE HAD SO COVETED, AND ITS WEIGHT SWUNG OPEN THE LARGEST TRICK DOOR... GROTESQUELY SHE TUMBLED IN AND THE DOOR QUICKLY SHUT...



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

JONAS CLICKED A LIGHT SWITCH AND STOOD FACING THE SMOKING GUN... HE HEARD THE THREATENING WORDS, BUT ABOVE THOSE SNARLING VOICES, ANOTHER SOUND REMAINED CLEAR IN HIS BRAIN... THAT SNAP OF THE SECRET DOOR...

DON'T MAKE A SOUND, POP, OR WE'LL SILENCE YOU PERMANENTLY!

OPEN THAT CHEST AND HAND OVER THE BEACON RUBY, PAL, THEN YOU WON'T GET HURT!



DON'T SHOOT ME, GENTLEMEN! I—I CAN'T OPEN THE CHEST.. I SOLD IT TO MRS. PETERS! THE KEY IS IN HER POSSESSION...I WAS TO RETRIEVE MY JEWEL WHEN I DELIVERED THE CHEST TO HER!



I KNOW THAT SOUNDS LIKE A STRANGE ARRANGEMENT, BUT IT WAS MY GUARANTEE TO HER THAT THE CHEST WOULD TRULY BE SOLD TO HER!

WHERE DOES THIS DAME LIVE, POP? WE'RE GOING VISITING!



WE'LL DELIVER THE CHEST FOR YOU... THEN SHE CAN OPEN IT! COME ON.. MOVE!

HER ADDRESS... I MUST LOOK IT UP!



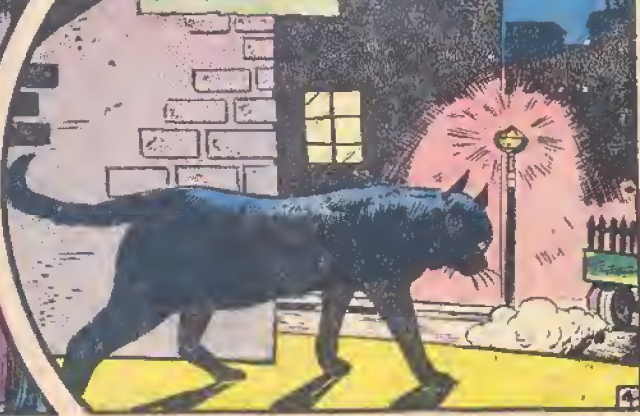
JONAS WAS GAMBLING...HE KNEW A BODY WAS IN THE CHEST...IF HE GUESSED CORRECTLY, IT WAS MRS. PETERS...IF HE WAS WRONG, HE WAS AT LEAST LEADING THE THIEVES TO WHERE HE WOULD RECEIVE HELP.

HAVING THAT TRUCK WITH US WAS JUST PLAIN LUCK!

PLEASE BE CAREFUL, IT'S A PRICELESS CHEST...



PACING NERVOUSLY BACK AND FORTH BEFORE HIS MASTER'S SHOP OF ANTIQUES, SATAN WATCHES THE TRUCK WITH ITS GRIM SECRET, VANISH FROM SIGHT...



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

MR. PETERS QUICKLY OPENED THE DOOR TO ADMIT THE STRANGE VISITORS... HIS EYES WORE THE ANXIOUS LOOK OF ONE WHO IS WAITING... JONAS FELT A CHILL FOR THE SHOCK AWAITING THIS MAN...



YOUR WIFE BOUGHT THIS CHEST FROM OLD MAN PALMER AND WE DELIVERED IT! WHAT'S SO EXCITING ABOUT THAT?

BUT AT THIS HOUR OF THE NIGHT! WHAT'S GOING ON AROUND HERE?

I THOUGHT YOU REFUSED TO SELL THAT CHEST TO MY WIFE! THAT'S WHAT SHE TOLD ME...

I DID REFUSE, BUT IT SEEMS THAT SHE WAS VERY DETERMINED TO GET IT!



IF IT'S HERE, SHE BOUGHT IT! NOW CALL HER, WE WANT THAT KEY!

AS A MATTER OF FACT, SHE ISN'T HOME! I WAS WAITING FOR HER WHEN YOU ARRIVED!



NOT HOME, EH? WELL, PALMER, WHAT DO WE DO NOW? STAND ASIDE, I'LL SHOOT THAT DOOR OPEN!

WAIT, GENTLEMEN! THE LADY IS HOME! I'LL SHOW YOU...



AGNES! WHAT HAPPENED TO HER?

THAT SHOT! YOU MUST HAVE KILLED HER!

SHUT UP, YOU FOOL!

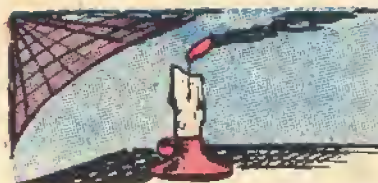


GO TO THE PHONE, MR. PALMER AND CALL THE POLICE! IF EITHER OF YOU TWO THUGS MOVE A MUSCLE, I'LL SHOOT! PUT YOUR HANDS UP WHERE I CAN WATCH THEM!



UNTIL HE SATISFIED THE POLICE WITH AN EXPLANATION OF HIS PART IN THE GRIM MURDER, JONAS WAS HELD AT THE POLICE STATION... BUT FINALLY HE WAS FREED...





GHOST CLINIC

by Doctor Shade



Presented below are true experiences drawn from Dr. Shade's collection of supernatural events. Let us explore the unknown with him, the better to learn of unexplained forces that exist about us. We invite you to share any accounts of similar events. This is to be YOUR Ghost Clinic. Your stories will appear in coming issues of JOURNEY INTO FEAR, and will be illustrated by members of the Clinic's staff. Everyone enjoys a ghost story . . . let us hear yours! Write to . . .

DR. SHADE,
GHOST CLINIC
2382 Dundas Street West,
Toronto 9, Ontario, Canada.

THE SMALLEST GHOSTS

An abandoned house, with a tangled garden growing free and wild, can create a lot of wondering. Who once lived there and what was the reason they deserted their property? Why has it been unoccupied all these years? Could it be because the lonely property, where the wind sighs and the drawn blinds shut out the sunshine, is haunted?

Such a house and its secret stood in the tree-shadows on Elm Street. Only the old timers could recall the spinster sisters, Mary and Margret Bond. They were genteel maidens, shy of the world and living within the bonds of their comfortable inheritance and low walls of natural rock that surrounded their home. Being part of the neighborhood scene they were not singled out as a curiosity until the day arrived when it was noted that they had apparently disappeared. Of course they hadn't vanished into thin air, but they had separated and taken up living quarters elsewhere. But why? Only their faithful housekeeper, Mrs. Holmes, knew the answer. We obtained the story from her and it is a tale of jealousy, hate, and two very small ghosts, named Chirper and Suzy!

Chirper, as you may well guess was a canary, and Margret's pride and joy. Suzy, on the other hand, was a natural born enemy of Chirper's species. Suzy was a cat, and the object of her mistress' devotion. Suzy belonged to Mary. The green-eyed bundle of fur wandered from room to room through-

out the house, pausing often, and speculatively, before Chirper's cage. This attention caused the little bird considerable alarm and his song was often mingled with cries of terror. Try as she might, Mrs. Holmes could not watch Suzy closely enough to prevent these encounters. The elderly sisters were bitterly resentful of each other's pets and the situation finally came to a strange climax.

During one of Mary's brief shopping tours, Margret poisoned and buried Suzy in the family garden. Mrs. Holmes witnessed this in silent horror. It was an act she knew would have repercussions in the Bond household, and indeed it did. Broken-hearted over the loss of her pet, whom she believed had wandered away, Mary brooded bitterly over the presence of the small song bird.

Meanwhile, another strange event took place. Over the patch of earth that topped Suzy's grave there grew a cluster of wild poppies. These flowers, fragile and tissue-like in blossom, are unwelcome in a cultured garden. Their twisted, unattractive roots are not content to remain underground. It was Mrs. Holmes, herself, who encouraged Mary to weed them out. It seemed a happy thought to get the grieving sister out into the sunshine. Perhaps it was fated that Mary wouldn't be satisfied to simply weed out the poppies, but that she would turn over the earth in her gardening and discover with a blood-chilling shriek, the corpse of little Suzy. Wild-eyed she ran into the room where Chirper hopped about in his cage. It was too late for Mrs. Holmes to stop her. Little Chirper died quickly and a cycle of fate completed its turn. Soon the sisters parted and the house stood alone. Mrs. Holmes eventually abandoned her monthly task of cleaning away the mounting dust within, for she vowed that only too often could she hear the ghostly strains of a throaty little song that ended in a cry of fear as a low cat-like shadow brushed against her apron skirt when she tidied up the room where once stood a gilded cage!

THE VISION

Twenty years ago when Thomas MacCray kissed his little mother farewell on leaving his native soil, the last of his thoughts were those of sadness or death. Young ambition



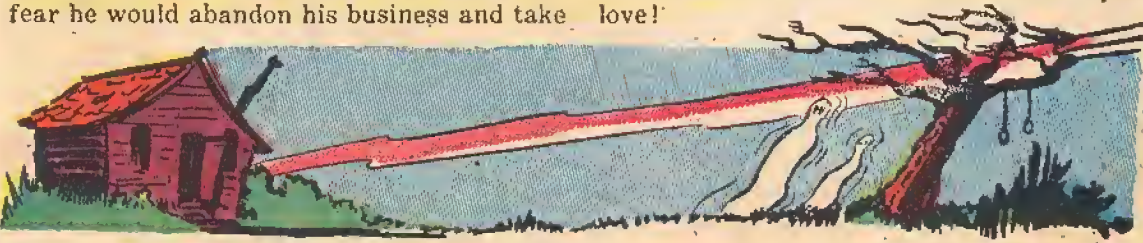
filled his heart, and his dreams of life on American soil took many a flight of fancy. Success was long in coming to MacCray, and the time of returning to visit his mother became more and more remote. Being a loving son, Thomas grieved that he could not gather enough money or take enough time out from his small business. Suddenly, one day, he became overcome with a tremendous longing. Without explanation to his clerks, he rushed from his dry-goods store. In his small apartment his trunk had stood ready all these years, waiting for the day Thomas would again pack. As he opened the darkened closet to pull the trunk out, he was greeted with a sweet breath of fragrance from within. There was no doubting it . . . it was heather! For an instant, MacCray paused, his eyes filling with tears. Here was the scent of home and of the longing that haunted him. His impulsive actions were going to cost him every penny he owned and no doubt his business as well. He reached into the darkness but again he paused . . . something was touching his hand. It was warm and of a substance he could not recognize. Not without apprehension, he peered into the darkness. For an instant he froze in fear . . . standing beside his trunk was his mother! The warmth in his hand was the touch of her hand. She smiled, and fright faded from him as he called out her name. There was no answer, but the vision gently shook its head, no . . . no. Suddenly it was gone. Thomas cried out after it, hardly knowing he did. It was the knocking at his door that brought him back to his senses. His clerk had trailed him home, bringing with him a cablegram marked, urgent. MacCray tore open the envelope and stared unbelievably at its contents. It was from a member of his family and it told that his mother had died over a week before and didn't want her son notified until after her burial for fear he would abandon his business and take

a hasty useless trip to see her placed in the ground!

THE PHANTOM BRIDE

Many a man has gone through life unmarried, but Grant Lawson's case was decidedly different. In a manner of speaking, he married a ghost! But let us begin at the beginning . . .

Grant lived in the newest settlement of Red Bank, Nevada, and he eagerly awaited the arrival of the girl who had promised to be his wife. He made all preparations, from engaging the Preacher to arranging the wedding feast. He was a man deeply in love and happy with life, until the fateful day when news arrived that the coach bringing his bride-to-be had crashed, and she was listed among the dead. For days, Lawson wandered about in a daze, neighbors and friends fearing for his sanity. It was just one day before his scheduled wedding that he ordered public notices posted about town. The marriage would take place as planned! Crowds filled the small wooden church and gasped as they witnessed the brideless wedding. In low, clear tones, Grant declared his vows. Some swore they smelled the wild rose blossoms the bride was to have worn. Others claimed they saw a ghostly arm reach out when Grant took the ring from his vest pocket and held it forth in the gesture of slipping it on a slender finger. Many were the tales of that strange wedding and as long as Grant Lawson lived they never stopped. Those who didn't attend the ghostly wedding feast were wont to pause before the Lawson porch on summer evenings when the old gentleman rocked back and forth in the straight-backed chair. Beside him was a smaller rocker and empty though it seemed, it kept a steady pace with his. Often, the wifeless man turned toward it and smiled with the contentment that is born only of love!



The WANDERING CORPSE

WAS THERE NO RESTING PLACE FOR THE ROAMING ZADAVER? WHAT WAS THE PURPOSE OF HIS WEIRD JOURNEYS? DEAD MEN DO NOT TALK, BUT THIS MYSTERY ALMOST WENT UNSOLVED!



WEBSTER CHUMLY WAS DEAD ONLY A FEW HOURS, BUT HIS HOPEFUL RELATIVES LOST NO TIME GATHERING... THEIR GRIEF THINLY DISGUISED BENEATH THE ANTICIPATION OF HOW THE WEALTHY OLD ECCENTRIC WOULD DISTRIBUTE HIS LEGACY...



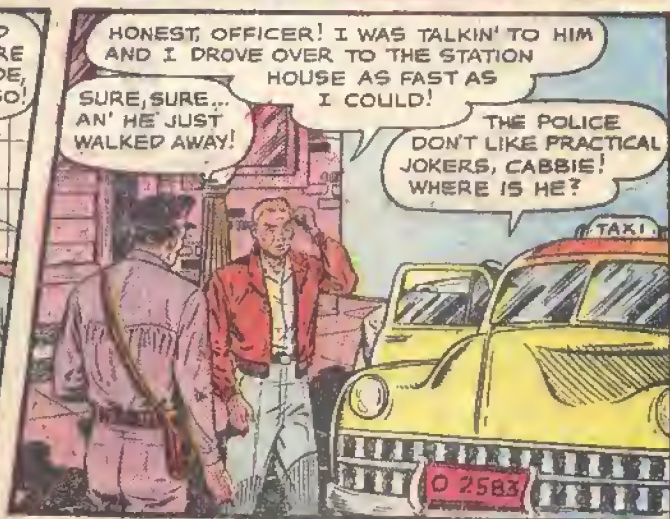
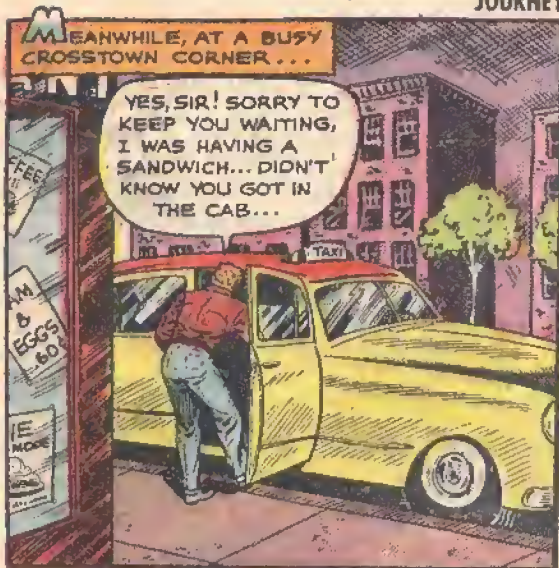
WELL, WHO IS IT, COUSIN MARTHA?

WHAT? PLEASE REPEAT THAT...

THE HOSPITAL!

I TELL YOU MR. CHUMLY'S CORPSE HAS DISAPPEARED FROM THE HOSPITAL MORGUE!... OF COURSE WE'VE LOOKED... EVERYWHERE! WE CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!





JOURNEY INTO FEAR

... WHILE ABOARD
THAT VERY TRAIN...

GOING TO HOPESVILLE, EH?
THESE SLEEPING PASSENGERS
GIVE ME A PAIN! EXPECT A
CONDUCTOR TO BE THEIR
PRIVATE ALARM CLOCK!

...AN
HOUR
LATER...

THAT'S STRANGE! BILL
TOLD ME TO WAKE THAT
MAN AT HOPESVILLE, AND
HE'S GONE! MUST
HAVE GOT OFF AT
THE WRONG
STATION!

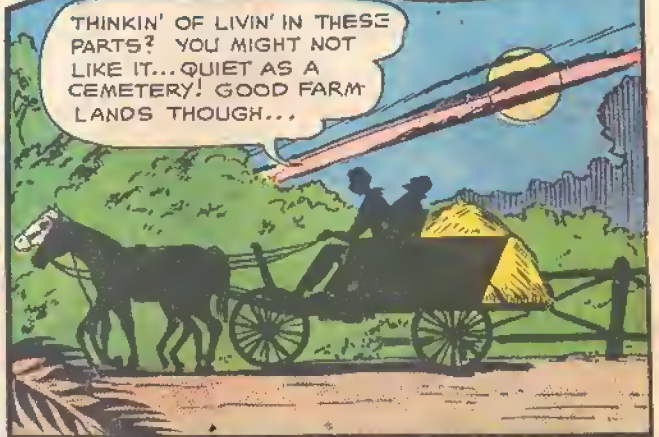
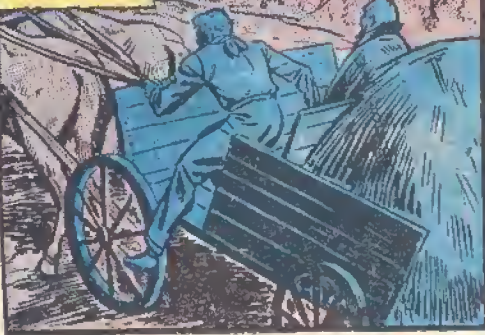
... BUT ON A
LONELY COUNTRY
ROAD AN
APPOINTMENT
MADE BY
TELEPHONE
WAS BEING
KEPT...

I SEE YOU FOUND MY
WAGON OKAY, STRANGER!
I STOPPED IN TO CHAT
WITH A NEIGHBOR WHILE
I WAS WAITING
FOR YOU...

THINKIN' OF LIVIN' IN THESE
PARTS? YOU MIGHT NOT
LIKE IT... QUIET AS A
CEMETERY! GOOD FARM
LANDS THOUGH...

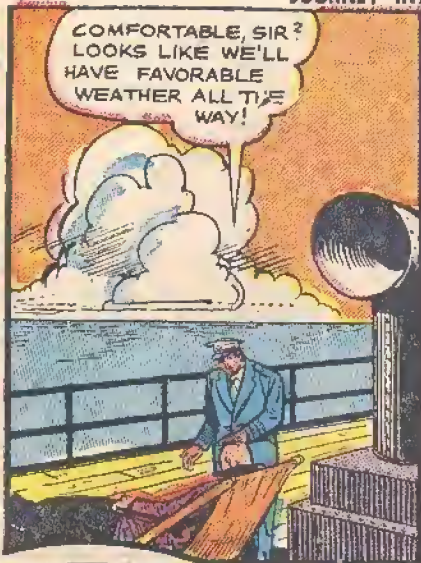
SAY, YOU'RE MIGHTY QUIET...
YIII... IT'S A DEAD MAN! AN'
ME SITTIN' HERE TALKIN'
AWAY TO HIM!

DEAD! I—I'LL
GIT THE SHERIFF!
HELP! HELP!



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

BUT THE SHERIFF NEVER DID GET TO SEE THE DEAD MAN, FOR AGAIN HE MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED... BUT WHEN A STEAMER BOUND FOR CUBA WAS ONLY ONE HOUR OUT OF PORT, A FAMILIAR FIGURE WAS PROPPED UP ON ONE OF THE DECK CHAIRS...

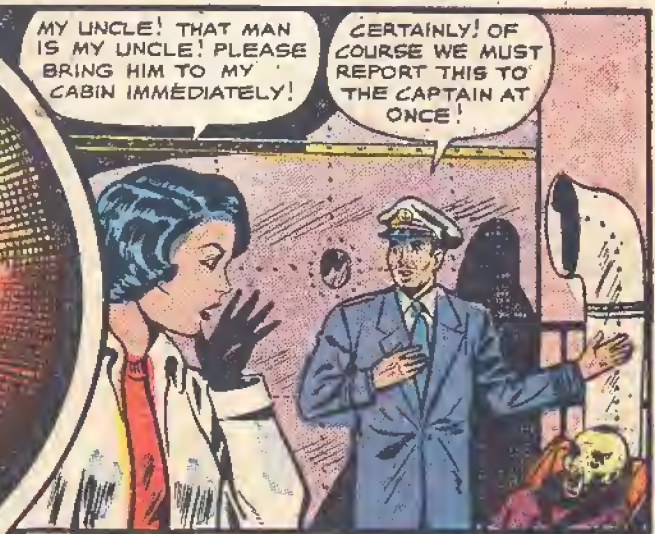


BUT HOW DID HE GET ABOARD? WHO IS HE? THIS IS TERRIBLE!



MY UNCLE! THAT MAN IS MY UNCLE! PLEASE BRING HIM TO MY CABIN IMMEDIATELY!

CERTAINLY! OF COURSE WE MUST REPORT THIS TO THE CAPTAIN AT ONCE!



THIS MAN SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN BROUGHT INTO THIS CABIN! HAVE HIM BROUGHT TO THE INFIRMARY RIGHT NOW!

YES, SIR.

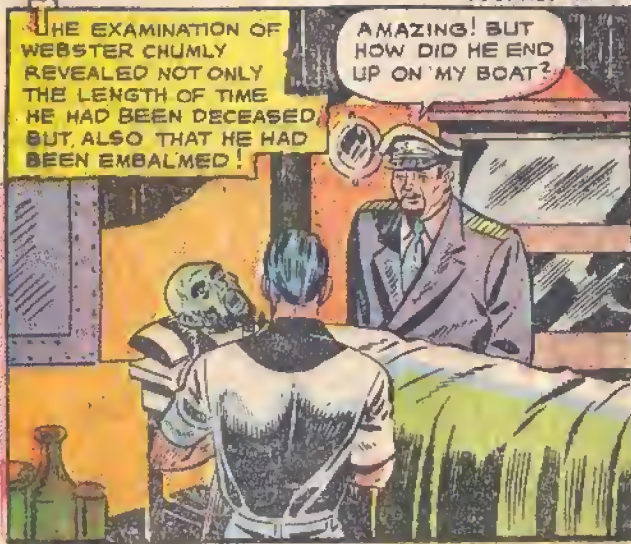


IT'S DREADFUL...

IT IS, MISS. MY DEEPEST SYMPATHY... IF THERE IS ANYTHING YOU WANT, PLEASE DON'T HESITATE TO ASK...



JOURNEY INTO FEAR



THE EXAMINATION OF WEBSTER CHUMLY REVEALED NOT ONLY THE LENGTH OF TIME HE HAD BEEN DECEASED BUT, ALSO THAT HE HAD BEEN EMBALMED!

AMAZING! BUT HOW DID HE END UP ON MY BOAT?

I'D SUGGEST THAT YOU TALK WITH THAT GIRL, SIR!

YOU'RE RIGHT! THE ENTIRE SITUATION IS MOST PECULIAR!



...AND THUS THE SAME YOUNG LADY WHO EARLIER HAD MISSED HER TRAIN, MANAGED TO CATCH A SHIP THAT WAS TO SAIL HER INTO HIGH ADVENTURE!

THIS MATTER WILL BE TURNED OVER TO THE AUTHORITIES AS SOON AS WE ARRIVE IN CUBA!

THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I EXPECTED WOULD HAPPEN!



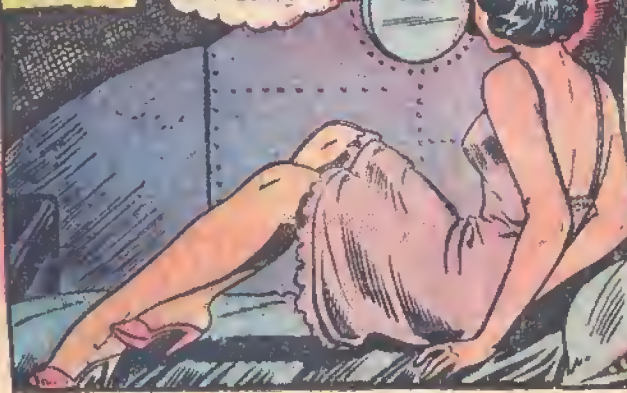
I MUST ALSO ASK YOU TO REMAIN IN YOUR CABIN UNTIL WE GET INTO PORT...

OR, IN LESS POLITE WORDS, I'M UNDER ARREST!

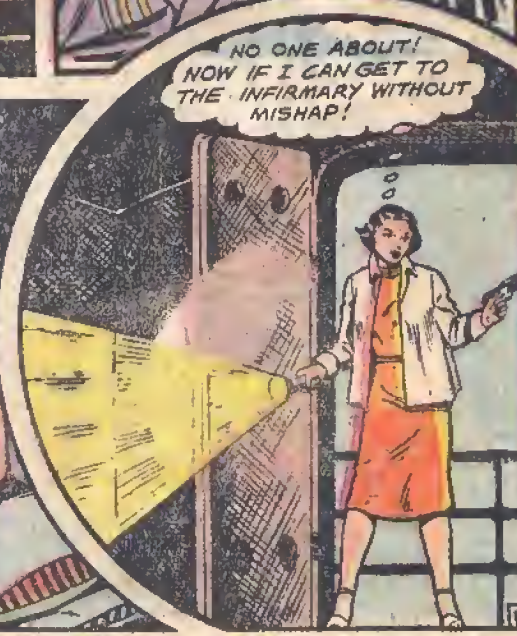


LATER, AS THE SILENCE OF NIGHT SETTLED OVER THE SHIP...

I CAN'T WASTE ANY MORE TIME IN HERE! BUT THIS TIME I'D BETTER CARRY MY GUN!



NO ONE ABOUT! NOW IF I CAN GET TO THE INFIRMARY WITHOUT MISHAP!



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

IT WOULD SEEM THAT WEBSTER CHUMLY WAS NOT YET TO REST IN PEACE! HIS CORPSE WAS STRETCHED OUT ON A TABLE MILES AWAY FROM THE PLACE WHERE HE BREATHED HIS LAST... BUT WHAT WAS TO HAPPEN NOW?



AMHH! JUST AS I THOUGHT! THIS IS PERFECT TIMING!



TURN AROUND, CHUM! I'VE HAD A DATE WITH YOU FOR A LONG TIME!

THE LATE MR. CHUMLY HIRED ME FOR JUST THIS PURPOSE! HE WONDERED WHICH OF HIS KIN WOULD TRY TO GET AT HIS FORTUNE... IN FACT, HE ALMOST SUSPECTED IT WOULD BE YOU!



YOU WENT THROUGH A LOT OF TROUBLE HIJACKING HIS BODY, DIDN'T YOU? IT'S NOT SO EASY TO KIDNAP A CORPSE, BUT YOU DID FAIRLY WELL!

I WAS SIMPLY TRYING TO GET WHAT SHOULD RIGHTFULLY BE MY INHERITANCE!



SO OUR YOUNG LADY WAS A DETECTIVE ALL ALONG! BUT WHY DID THE GREEDY CAPTAIN NEED HIS UNCLE'S CORPSE TO GET AN INHERITANCE?

THE OLD MISER NEVER DID MAKE OUT A WILL!

I KNOW, HE HID HIS MONEY, BUT HE HAD A SMALL MAP OF ITS WHEREABOUTS TATTOOED ON HIS BACK!



HE TOLD ME THAT YOU ARRANGED FOR HIM TO HAVE THAT TATTOO, CAPTAIN! NONE OF THE OTHER RELATIVES HAD ANY KNOWLEDGE OF IT! YOU WERE MOST ANXIOUS TO GET A LOOK AT IT, WEREN'T YOU?

IT IS OUR REGRETTABLE DUTY TO PLACE YOU UNDER ARREST, CAPTAIN! BODY-SNATCHING ISN'T APPROVED OF BY LAW, YOU KNOW!



The End

GYPSY'S CURSE

BREWED IN A CAULDRON OF BITTER REVENGE AND FLAVORED WITH THE VENOM OF BLACK RANCOR, IS A ROMANY CURSE! WOE BE TO HIM WHO SHALL BE ITS VICTIM, FOR AS WITH DEATH, THERE CAN BE NO ESCAPE FROM ITS FULL MEASURE!



GREG PETERS, FEATURED STAR AND FAMOUS SCREEN LOVER, WAS MAKING ANOTHER PICTURE AND HIS COMPANY WAS ON LOCATION IN AN AUTHENTIC GYPSY CAMP FOR ATMOSPHERE...



C'MON, GREG! PUT MORE INTO IT! YOU'VE GOT THE MOST IMPORTANT LEADING LADY OUR STUDIO CONTRACTS IN YOUR ARMS!

OKAY. LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH!

I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A FEW MINUTES, BABY! YOU JUST STAND BY!

I DON'T KNOW IF I ENJOY WATCHING YOU KISS THAT GIRL, GREG...



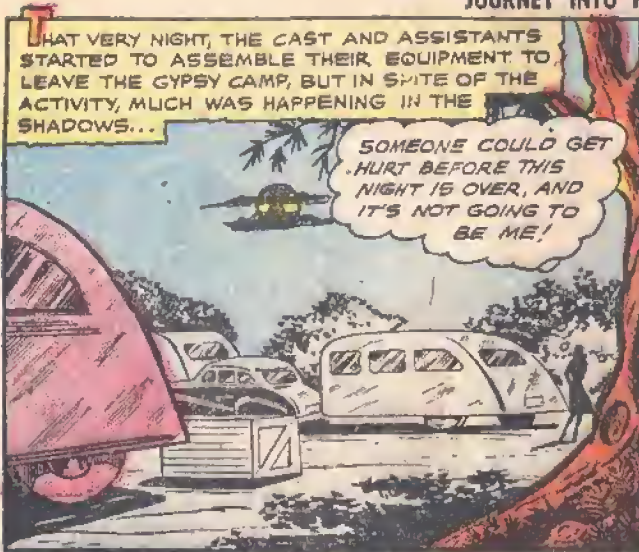
JOURNEY INTO FEAR

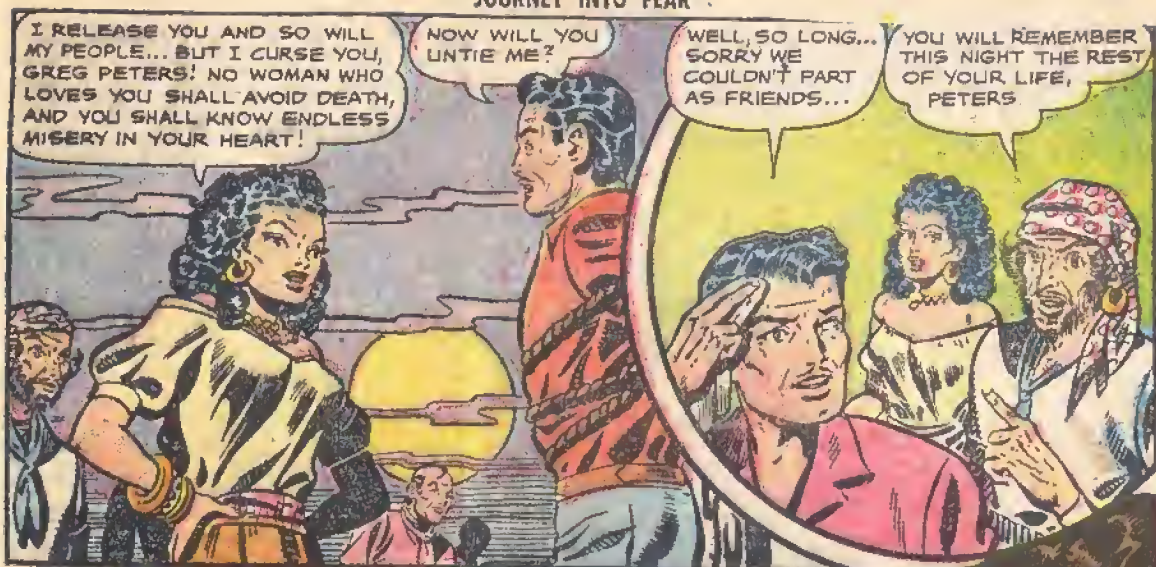


INSTINCT WARNED GREG PETERS HE WAS DEALING WITH A PROBLEM THAT COULD PROVE TROUBLESOME. WITHOUT FURTHER ADO, HE MADE A REASONABLE SUGGESTION TO JOE WILSON, FRIEND AND DIRECTOR OF HIS LATEST FILM...

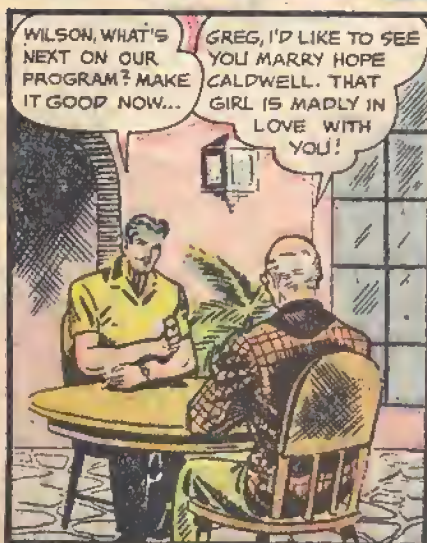


JOURNEY INTO FEAR





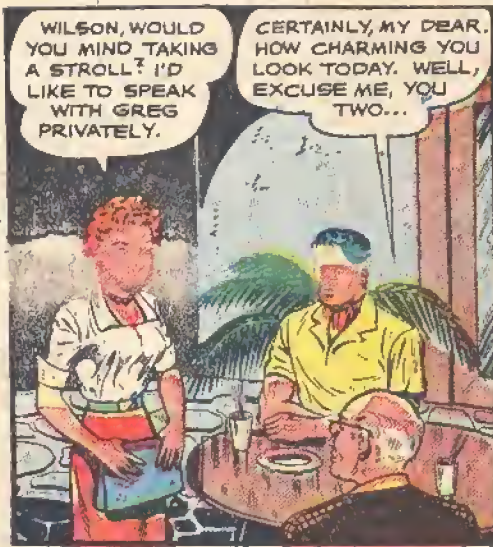
GETTING BACK TO HOLLYWOOD WAS LIKE RETURNING TO CIVILIZATION... IN NO TIME THE PICTURE WAS FINISHED AND TRANQUILITY SETTLED OVER GREG PETERS' LIFE... THE GYPSY'S CURSE SEEMED A THING OF THE FORGOTTEN PAST...



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

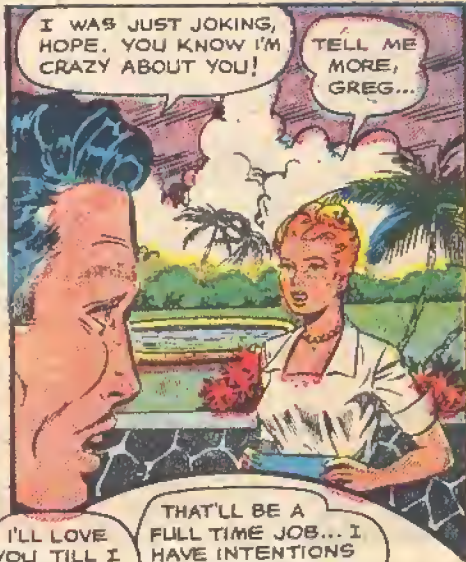
A SILENCE CHARGED WITH ELECTRICITY SETTLED OVER THE TRIO AS HOPE CALDWELL STEPPED INTO VIEW... IT WAS OBVIOUS THAT SHE HAD

DENOUNCED HER SMALL FACE WAS WHITE AND HER VOICE BROOK WHEN SHE SPOKE...



WILSON, WOULD YOU MIND TAKING A STROLL? I'D LIKE TO SPEAK WITH GREG PRIVATELY.

CERTAINLY, MY DEAR. HOW CHARMING YOU LOOK TODAY. WELL, EXCUSE ME, YOU TWO...

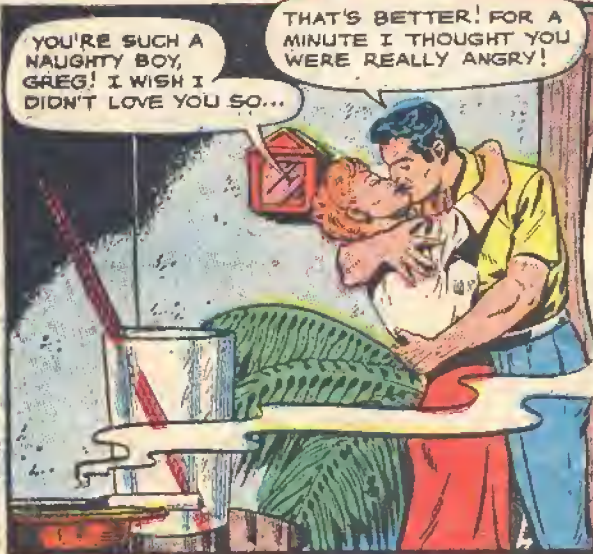


I WAS JUST JOKING, HOPE. YOU KNOW I'M CRAZY ABOUT YOU!

TELL ME MORE, GREG...

THAT'LL BE A FULL TIME JOB... I HAVE INTENTIONS OF BEING AROUND A LONG TIME!

I'LL LOVE YOU TILL I DIE, GREG... OR UNTIL YOU DO!



YOU'RE SUCH A NAUGHTY BOY, GREG! I WISH I DIDN'T LOVE YOU SO...

THAT'S BETTER! FOR A MINUTE I THOUGHT YOU WERE REALLY ANGRY!



BUT I CHANGED YOUR PLANS, DIDN'T I, DARLING?

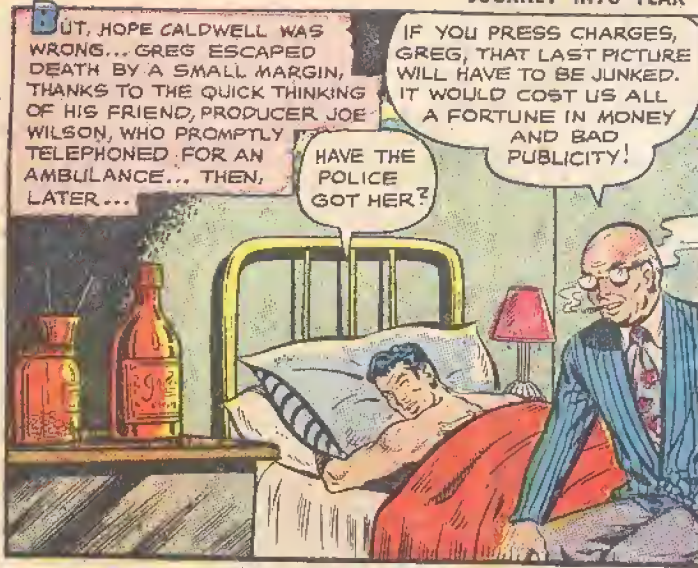
HOPE! Y—YOU STABBED ME! HELP... WILSON... HELP ME!



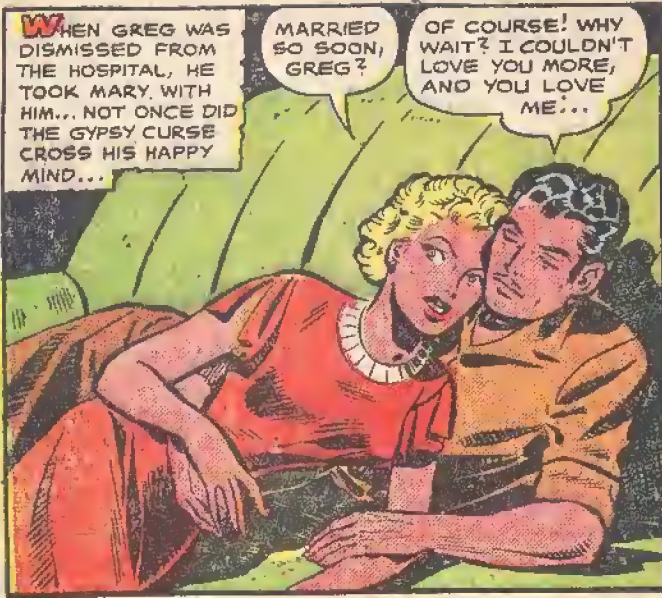
WHAT HAPPENED? HOPE! WHAT'S WRONG?

I KILLED HIM! HE'S ALL YOURS NOW, FRIEND!

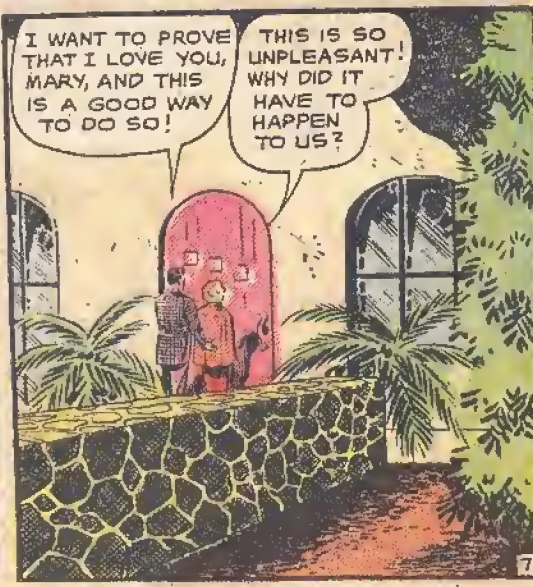
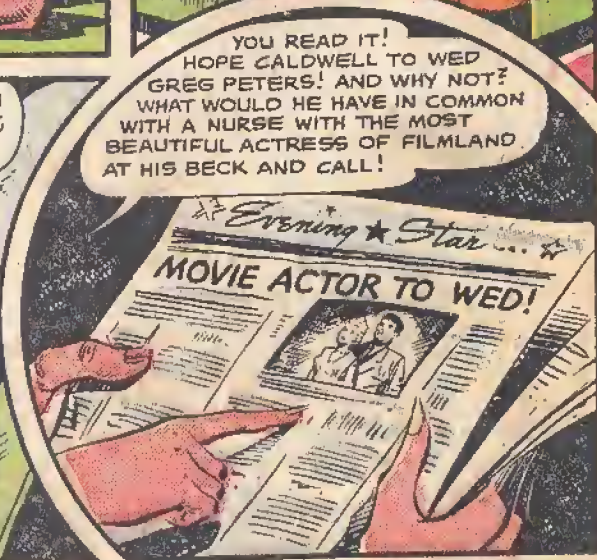
JOURNEY INTO FEAR



JOURNEY INTO FEAR



MARY SOON RETURNED AND SHE CLUTCHED A NEWSPAPER IN HER TREMBLING HANDS... STRANGE THAT GREG DIDN'T RECALL THE CURSE THEN...



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

HOPE WAS ENTERTAINING GUESTS, BUT SHE INVITED HER VISITORS INTO A MORE PRIVATE ROOM. HER EYES WERE MOCKING IN SPIKE OF HER FEIGNED SURPRISE AT THE NEWSPAPER REPORT...

BUT YOU KNOW I NEVER LOVED YOU! TELL THAT TO MARY! I WANT HER TO HEAR IT FROM YOU!

WHY, GREG, DARLING! WHAT A TEMPER YOU'RE IN TODAY! AM I TO BLAME FOR A RUMOR ABOUT US?



GREG DIDN'T EVEN LOOK AT THE WEAPON HE CLUTCHED FOR... RAGE SEETHED WITHIN HIM, BLOTING OUT ALL JUDGMENT...



GREG! DON'T!

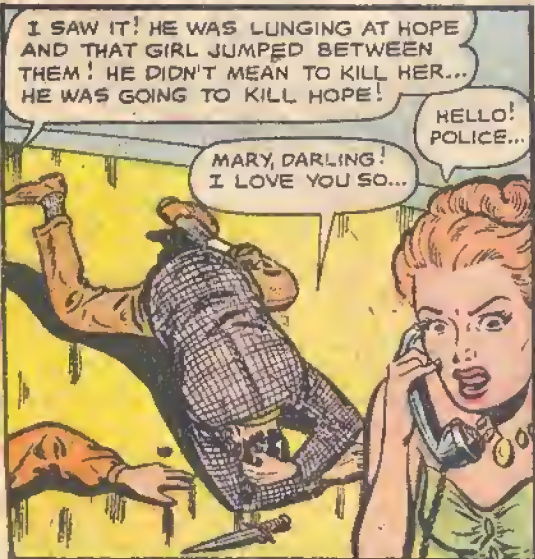
YOU SHE-DEVIL! I'LL KILL YOU!

D-DON'T!



MARY! MARY, SPEAK TO ME! WHAT HAVE I DONE? MARY— MARY...

HE STABBED HER!



I SAW IT! HE WAS LUNGING AT HOPE AND THAT GIRL JUMPED BETWEEN THEM! HE DIDN'T MEAN TO KILL HER... HE WAS GOING TO KILL HOPE!

HELLO! POLICE...

MARY, DARLING! I LOVE YOU SO...



IT ISN'T SO EASY TO LIVE WITH A DEAD HEART. IS IT, GREG PETERS?

LUCIA! THE CURSE! THE GYSEY'S CURSE... IT CAME TRUE! I KILLED MY LOVE, AND NOW I WILL NEVER KNOW PEACE AGAIN!

GREG WAS LED OFF TO PRISON TO SUFFER AN ENDLESS TORTURE... TIME WOULD EVENTUALLY BLOT OUT THE MEMORY OF THE GIRL HE LOVED AND KILLED BUT TO WHAT AVAIL, FOR HE WOULD NEVER ESCAPE THE PENALTY OF THE GYSEY'S CURSE...

The End

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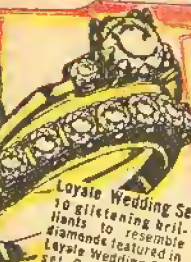
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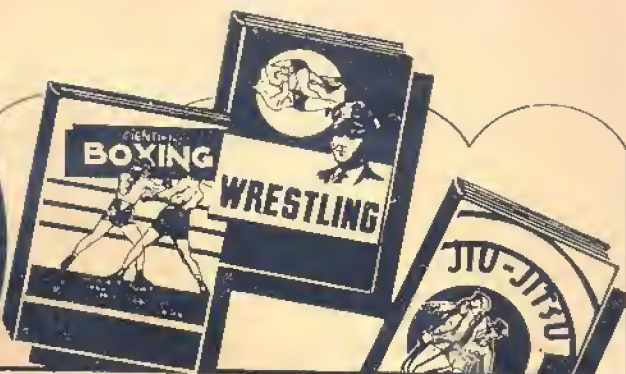
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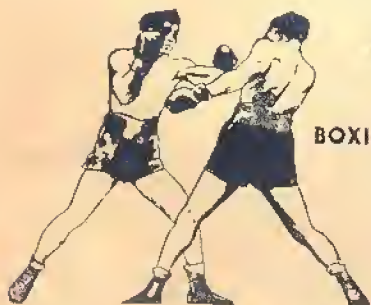
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